Vicky Verky

Squeeze

With her hair up in his fingers
The fish and chips smell lingers
Under amber street lamps
She holds the law in her handsThe moistness of the damp night
Falls silent through the lamplight
Although she's only fourteen
She really knows her courtingAnd up the railway sidings
There's him and her they're lying
Hand in hand they whisper
You're my missus and I'm your misterThe moon as white and virgin
And she was on the turning
Remember your first nibble
When best friends were so littleThey really trooped the colors
When walking with each other
And all her mates would giggle
As ladylike she'd wiggleAll along the high street
They'd splash out on an ice cream
He'd sometimes really treat her
But he'd done his mother's meterWell, he went off to Borstal
He said that he was forced to
Rob the flats of hi fi's
'Cause she was ill and she would cryEach morning she got sicker
Her mother sometimes hit her
If she'd have known the story
She would have been so sorryHe received a letter and admitted it
There was nothing else to do but get rid of it
Lonely in his dormitory, he'd sit and stare
Is this for real and is it really fair?Summer came, so they went
Down to the coast in his tent
She cooked upon his primer
And sampled local ciderShe told him in his rucksack
I think, I want that chance back
To be perhaps the one who
Will forever love youTo be perhaps the one
Who will forever love you

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